

LONDON'S JOY: XV OR, THE

Lord Mayors Show:

TRIUMPHANTLY

Exhibited in Various Representations,
Scenes, and splendid Ornaments, with divers
pertinent Figures and Movements:

PERFORMED

On SATURDAY, OCTOBER XXIX. 1681.

At the Inauguration of the Right Honourable

Sir JOHN MOORE, Knight,

LORD MAYOR of the City of LONDON.

WITH THE

Several Speeches, and Songs, which were spoken on the Pageants
in Cheap-side, and Sung in Guild-Hall during Dinner.

All the Charges and Expences of the Industrious designs being the sole
undertaking of the Worshipful Company of

G R O C E R S.

Devised and Composed by THO. JORDAN, Gent.

Omne tulit punctum qui Miscuit utile Dulci.



LONDON, Printed for John and Henry Playford, 1681.

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NEW YORK



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir JOHN MOORE, *Knight.*

LORD MAYOR of the City of LONDON.

My Lord,

BX the Right of Succession (which ought to be indisputable) By the Concession of the Commons, who have their legal liberty of *Election*; and by the gracious Condescension of his Majesty, you are for this year, the *Object* of this Day's *Triumph*: The Members of your Politick Body, the Worshipful Company of *Merchants*, have been very Industrious, Indulgent and Liberal, to crown the Head of their Loving Brother and new Installed Magistrate, with *Triumphal Ornaments* and *pacifick Garlands*, bearing high hopes, almost as sure as Certainities, that your Wisdom will make them such gracious Returns in the upright dispensations of Justice in your Government, that they and the whole City may have a happy cause to give you thanks, and ascribe your Fame with the Incense of Prayers and Praises; which also is the Devout Desires and Wishes of,

My Lord,

Your humble Servant

and faithful Honourer,

THO. JORDAN.

TO THE
WORSHIPFUL COMPANIE
OF
GROCERS.

GENTLEMEN,

I Think I have left nothing undone that might dignifie the
Designs of this Day's Triumph, to oblige my L^{ds} to
Acceptation, or your Approbation. If any person shall
ask me why (in this Age, when our highest Compositions are signifi-
cantly expressed in native English) I should perplex the Reader
with many abstruse Terms, I answer, that in Descriptions of
Architecture, Music, Heraldry, Painting and Dressing, it is
most commendable to speak properly in their peculiar and distinct
Dialects. If others do object that I have mustered a
number of Gaudy Words to sweeten my Descriptions, let
them consider, they are for a gay Subject, My LORD
MAYOR'S SHOW, where every thing ought to Glorify.
This I can assure ye, that in these TRIUMPHS
is nothing Designed, Written, Said or Sung, that ever
was Presented in any Show till this present Day. Although
the Dignity of the Subject is the more Venerable for its Antiquity,
yet the Rarity of the circumstance ought to be most Commenda-
ble for Novelty, which whosoever will examine shall find
performed in these Triumphs by

GENTLEMEN,

Your humble and faithful Servant,

THO. JORDAN

*In proper Habits orderly Array'd,
The Movements of the Morning are display'd.*



Elected Citizens i'th' Morning all
At Seven a Clock, do meet at *Grocers-Hall*,
The Master, Wardens, and Assistants Joyns
For the first Rank, in their Gowns fac'd with Foyns.
The second Order do, in merry moods,
March in Gowns fac'd with Budge and Livery Hoods,
In Gowns and Scarlet Hoods a hardly appears

A youthful number of Foyns Batchellors,
Forty Budge Batchellors the Triumph Gowns,

lavely attir'd in Scarlet Hoods and Gowns,
Gentlemen-Uffers which white Staves do hold

Sixty in Velvet Coats and Chains of Gold

Then, thirty more in Plush and Buff there are,
The several Colours Wave, and Banners bear.

The Sergeant Trumpet Thirty six more brings,
All of them silver Trumpets, and the Kings.

The Sergeant wears Two Scarfs, whose Colours be,

One the Lord Mayor's th' other s'the Company.

The King's Drum-Major follow'd by Four more

Of the Kings Drums and Fifes, make *LO-N-DON* roar,

Seven Drums and Two Fifes more in Vests of Buff,

March with Waste-Scarfs, and Breeches of Black Stuff.

Two City Marshals mounted and attended,

by the Company with Scarfs befriended,

(next to th' Drums) do Troop in the Rear,

But the Foot Marshal doth next appear,

Who puts them all in Rank and File, and wears

A Shoulder Scarf as broad and rich as theirs.

Attended by six persons that dare do

What e're their Marshall may Command them to.

Next the Fence-Master troops, and (to defend him)

Divers with drawn broad bright Swords, do attend him.

Many Poor Pensioners th' march i'th' Rear,

With Gowns and Caps, Standards and Banners bear;

A numerous Troop of Persons that are poor,

In red Gowns and flat Caps, one Hundred more,

With Javelings and with Targets are all Actors,

And bear the Arms of their good Benefactors.

Being

Being thus prepar'd:

By the Foot-Marshals Judgment they are guided,
And into six Divisions are divided:

Rank'd out by two and two. The first that flies
Are the Poor Company of Pensioners;

But in the front of them orderly be
Placed the Ensigns of the Company.

11th Rear of them four Drums and one Fife more,

Then Pensioners in Coats describ'd before.

Persons of worth who do in Martial mannes,

Bear each of them a Standard or a Banner.

Four Trumpets more to them, and in their Rear

Two of the Grocers Ensigns march, which bear

(As by the Herald Painter is exprest)

The Draught of their Supporters and their Crest:

Six Gentlemen-Ushers in order trudge,

And after them the Batchelors in budge:

Marching in measur'd distance, and endu'd

With Order, This Division doth conclude.

12th Rear of them six Trumpets do appear,

And after them two Gentlemen, that bear

Two Coats of Arms, which appertaining be

To th' City and the Grocers Company.

Then do march up Eight Gentlemen that wears

The Golden Chains, then the Foins Batchelors,

In amicable measure, move like Friends

o Fill'd with one Joy: so this Division ends.

Two Gentlemen in velvet Coats array'd,

March after them with two Banners display'd;

Then succeed them Ten Gentlemen-Ushers more,

In Coats and Chains of Gold describ'd before;

And gradually after them you'll see

A very worthy large society;

With each of them a Gown and Livery Hood,

And all LORD MAYORS in the Potential Mood.

13th Rear of these (with silver sounds to fit ye)

Do fall in divers Trumpets of the City;

And after them two Gentlemen accord,

To bear the Arms o'th City and my Lords.

And

And then the Gentlemen with equal distance
 That Usher in the grave Court of Assistants.
 Th' Rear of them, four Drums, six Truthpets, be
 Order'd to bring up the Catastrophe.
 Three Gallants gradually follow them,
 Bearing the Banners of the Diadem.
 Kings, Queens, and Cities Ensigns, which engages
 Six Gentlemen to wait on them as Pages;
 The Masters and the Wardens bring up all.
 And thus equipp'd, they march from *Grocers-Hall*
 To my Lord's House, where th' Aldermen and He
 Take Horse, and rank according to Degree:
 Which being done, the whole Body in State
 Doth move towards *Guild-Hall*, but at the Gate
 The new Lord with the old Lord Mayor unites,
 Guarded by Gentlemen, Esquires, and Knights.

Then thus attir'd, with Gown, Fur, Hood and Scarf,
 March all through *Kings-street* down to *Three-Crane-Wharf*;
 Where th' Lord Mayor and th' Aldermen discharge
 A few Gentlemen Waiters, and take Barge
 At the West end o' th' Wharf; and at the East
 The Court Assistant, Livery, and the best
 Gentlemen-Ushers: Such as stay on shore
 Are Ushers, Foins and the Budge Batchelor:
 Who for a time repose themselves and Men,
 Until his Lordship shall return again:
 Who now with several Companies make hast
 To *Westminster*, but in the way is plac'd
 A Pleasure-Boat that hath great Guns aboard,
 And with two Broad sides doth salute my Lord.
 They Row in Triumph all along by th' *Serand*,
 As when my Lord and Companies do Land
 At the *New-Palace-Stairs*, orderly all
 Do make a Lane to pass him to the Hall;
 Where having took an Oath that he will be
 Loyal and Faithful to his MAJESTY,
 His Government, His Crown and Dignity,
 With other Ceremonials said and done,
 In Order to his Confirmation;
 Sealing of Writs in Courts, and such like things,
 As shew his power abstraded from the Kings,

He takes his leave o' th' Lords and Barons, then
 With his Retinue he retreats agen
 To th' Water side, and (having given at large
 To th' Poor of *Westminster*) doth Re imbarge,
 And scud along the River 'til he comes
 To *Black Fryers* Stairs, where Guns and thundring D.ums
 Proclaim his Landing; When he's set ashore,
 He is saluted by three Volleys more

By (the Military Glory of this Nation) the Company of *Artillery*,
 they being all in their Martial Ornaments of Gallantry, Come in Buff with
 Head-pieces, many of them Massey Silver.

From *Black Fryers Stairs*, they march before the Lord Mayor and Alder-
 men through *Cheapside* to *Guild Hall*. Those that went not to *Westminster*,
viz. the Pensioners and Banners, being set in order, ready to march, the
 Foot Marshal, in the Rere of the *Artillery Company*, leads the way along by
 the Channel up by *Ludgate Hill*, through *Ludgate* into *St. Paul's Church-*
yard, and so into *Cheapside*, where his Lordship is entertained by the
 first Scene or Pageant.

The First Scene Described.

According to the order and propriety of Antiquity, on the first Stage
 the Image of that *Animal* which is the ancient Crest to the Arms
 the Worshipful Company of *Gracers*, an Artificial well-carved Camel,
 of which creature without manifest Digression, I have something to say.
 Of Camels there are two sorts, the *Bactrian* and *Arabian*, which differ thus.
 The *Bactrians* have two Bunches or Swellings on the Back, and are called
Dromedaries, the *Arabians* but one, and another on the Breast, on which
 they lean when they lie down to rest, they want the upper order of the
 Teeth, and are sometimes used in War. In swiftness they exceed Horses,
 but most commonly in bearing ponderous Burdens, every one is acquainted
 with his own Lading, less wait they desire nor, and more they will not bear.
 They are taught to kneel till they have their Load, and then they will rise
 of themselves; Neither in their Journey will they change their pace: They
 can abstain from Water four days together, but then they drink as well
 for the time past as to come, yet not before with their Feet they have trod-
 dled the Stream. They live to Fifty years of Age and some to a Hundred.
 This is not only proper for the Companies Crest in the transportation of their
 Fruits and Spices, in *India* and other parts, but are as genuine to the purpose

to shew his Lordships general Negotiation in all kinds of Merchandise whatsoever.

This ever was, and now is, the first appearing and Marching Pageant, that hath the way of the whole *Triumph*. On whose back is mounted a young Man between two Silver Panniers, who representeth *Liberality*, as appeared by his Bountiful distribution of those Delicates which are the Lading of his *Camel*, and the delicious Traffic of the *Grocers* Company. He is arrayed in a rich *East-Indian* Habit, his head adorned with a Golden Coronet, variously feather'd with a round orient Pendant of Pearl in each Ear, Scarlet colour'd Silk Hose, Buskins of Gold-Laced and furred with Silver and Purple Ribon. A Bridle of a broad Red and White Sattin, according to the Companies Colours. He advanceth the Kings Banner. At each side of him on the same Stage, Figuratively sit two Virgin Ladies, Representing *Abundantia* and *Saluberrima*, Plenty and Wholsome. The first of which is Deck'd in a white Silk Robe fringed with Gold, sprinkled all over with Glöves, a rich Mantle of Gold and Cinamon colour'd Silk, a long black curl'd Hair, on which is a Garland of Dates with Leaves and Branches, white Silk Hose and purple Shoes tyed with Gold Ribon, white Glöves: In one hand she beareth a Silver Basket, in the other a Banner of the Companies.

Saluberrima is adorned with an Orange-colour'd Silk and Gold Robe, a Sky-colour and Silver Mantle, a long curl'd and flaxen Hair, on which is a wreath of Saffron Flowers intermingled with green Leaves: Pearl-colour'd Hose, yellow Shoes, Scarlet and Gold-ribon Shoe-litrings, white Glöves: In one hand she beareth an *Almond-tree*, Leav'd and Blossom'd, Fruetified. In the other, a Banner of the Cities.

And in the Rere of this *Camel*, is the figure of a Royal Theatre, framed, lined, and loftily erected according to the *Ionick* Order of *Architecture*, where the elaborate hand of Art has been as accurate in the little Model of the Fabric, as some others have been in the more magnificent dimensions of such greater Structures; nor hath the Curiosity of the Painter been wanting in the copious accomplishments of this beautiful Building, which according to its name, is accommodated with several Heroic and victorious persons of Honour, pertinentely representing the Seven Champions of *Christendom*, (viz.) *St. George* for *England*, *St. Andrew* for *Scotland*, *St. Dennis* for *France*, *St. Patrick* for *Ireland*, *St. David* for *Wales*, *St. James* for *Spain*, *St. Aubony* for *Italy*; with five beautiful Ladies, which in proper order personate the five Senses, *Seeing*, *Hearing*, *Tasting*, *Feeling*, *Smelling*; all of them richly and aptly attired as followeth.

St. George, with black curl'd hair, on it a golden Helmet, with a large Feig and Plume of Feathers red and white, a Vest of Silver, a Scarf of Scarlet Silk and Gold. In his left hand he beareth a Shield *Verr*, charged with

a *Virgin* array'd *Argent*: In his Right hand, the Banner of *St. George*.

2. *St. Andrew*. His hair, bright brown, curl'd, on which is fixt a *Coronet* of Gold, with a plume of white and blew feathers; a short Coat of Purple and Gold, a Scarf of Silver fringed with Gold: On his Left Arm he bears a Target *Azure* with a Saltire *Argent*. In his right hand the Arms of *Scotland*, which is *Sol*, a Lion Rampant within a Double Treasure flory, Counter flowry *Mars*.

3. *St. Dennis*. His hair a deep dark brown; crown'd with Laurel, tip with Gold; a warlike Coat of Sky colour and Gold; a Scarf of purple and Gold; Buskins of Scarlet colour laced and furred with Silver and Gold. In his right hand he beareth a Banner with the Arms of *France*. In the other a Shield with the like Arms. In a field *Jupiter*, 3 *Flowers de Lis Sol*.

4. *St. Patrick*. His hair dark yellow, on it a blew *Coronet* pointed with golden Harps, Green and white Cotton Trowzes, a gray Mantle with a thick shag about his Neck of large green Silk and Gold fringes, bearing in one hand a Banner of the Arms of *Ireland*, which is *Azure*, a Harp *Sol*, string *Latus*. In the other hand he beareth a Shield *Vert*, charged with Serpents, Tongues, and Spiders.

5. *St. David*. In a Chestnut brown hair, a Wreath of green Silk and Silver-headed Leekes; a grass-green Silk and Gold Robe; a crimson Silk and Silver Mantle. In his Left hand, a Golden warlike Welsh-Bill: In his Right hand the Banner of the Principality of *Wales*, *Jupiter*, a plume of feathers, *Latus*; in a *Coronet*, *Sol*.

6. *St. James*; Black curl'd hair; on it, a golden *Coronet* tipp'd with Silver Towers; a Robe of black Silk and Gold, a Silver and Gold Scarf. In one hand a Shield charged with a Golden Fleece. In the other a Banner with the Arms of *Spain*.

7. *St. Anthony*. A curl'd bright hair; on it a wreath of Olives, leaves and fruit, tipp'd with gold; a Robe of olive-colour'd Silk interwoven with Silver and Gold; a Scarf of Crimson Silk and Silver. In one hand he beareth a Target *Argent* charged with an Olive-tree Leaved, blossoms and fruit: In the other the Arms of *Italy*. This Saint *Anthony* is the Speaker, esteemed the most proper, as he is the Ancient Patron of the *Greeners* Company.

The Habits and Ornaments of the Five Senses.

1. *SEEING*. Hair long bright curling, on which is a Golden *Coronet* tipp'd with Eyes, a robe of Silver and Gold, a Mantle of Sea-green farfaced; In one hand a Target *Argent*, Charged with the picture of *Argus* having an hundred Eyes: In her Right hand a Banner of the Kings:

2. *HEARING.* With hair long, black, curl'd; a Coronet of Musical Instruments; a Robe of Carnation and Silver, a Mantle of Orange colour fringed with Gold: In one hand she beareth a Shield *Vers* charged with *Apule's* Harp *OR*: In the other hand she beareth a Banner of the City.

3. *TASTING.* In a long curl'd bright brown Peruke; and on it a garland of all lovely delicious Fruits; a Robe of watchet sattin, a Mantle of Gold: In one hand a *Cornucopia*: In the other a Banner of my Lord Mayor's; thus Blazon'd, *Argent*, three Greyhounds Currant Arm'd and Collard, *Gules*.

4. *FEE LING.* In a Lovely brown, Soft Crispy hair, a coronet of Gold, with a Plume of various colour'd fine feathers, a Robe of Sables, a Mantle of Ermin: In one hand a Shield *OR*: Charged with a Beaver Doe-
mine. In the other hand a Banner of the Companies.

5. *S M E L L I N G.* Her head is adorned with a long curl'd flaxen hair inclining to bright yellow, Crown'd with a Garland of Roses, Violets, Jasmine and divers-colour'd sweet senting flowers, a Robe of orange-colour, on it a Mantle of willow-green and Silver: In one hand she bears a shield *Argent*, Charg'd with a Civet Cat proper; In the other the Banner of the Kings.

His Lordship having placed himself opposite to the front of this Scene with Expectation and Attention, *St. Anthony* rising up, with Majesty and Humility, addresseth to his Lordship, In this Oration.

The first Speech by St. Anthony.

*The Seven Champions of Christendom,
With all their Tutelary Powers, are come
To salute my Lord, and guard you from
Marinous Mischiefs, which occultly wait,
Maliciously to circumvent the State
Of an upright unbiass'd Magistrate:
Such is your Lordship: My Name's Anthony,
The Celebrated Saint of Italy,
And Patron of the Grocers Company:
By whom I was desired to let you know,
The great Respects they to your Honour owe,
From Inward Love which rais'd this Outward Show.
My Lord, this Camel here doth represent
The Means and Ends of Righteous Government.
Industry is the Means, Plenty the Event.*

The well pok'd Hampers of his Equal Lading,
 Like Justice Scales, admit of no degrading;
 Equity brings true Peace, and Peace good Trading
 Trading brings Plenty, and 'tis pity that
 Plenty breeds pride, and quarrels in a State,
 'Till an Invasion make them Friends too late,
 And Reconcile in Ruine. But my Lord,
 We hope the Civil, not the Sou'diers Sword;
 Shall moderate all feud; For in a Word,
 Let this be England's great Memento Mori,
 That Civil Wars, as you may read in Story,
 Did ruin Royal Rome in all her Glory.
 I presume better things; My Lord, I are here,
 Itb' City, the King's Vice roy for a Year;
 His Throne, is represented by your Chair;
 Your Sword, his Scepter: You are in a place
 Renown'd by Majesty and Crown'd by Grace:
 I are one whom all good Citizens Embrace.
 And therefore Gratitude, and what is Just,
 May move you to be true unto your Trust,
 Let God do lay your Honour in the Dust.
 But I'm superfluous and tedious too,
 Instructing him from whom I ought to know;
 Your Lordship knows best what you have to do.

The Speech thus ended, his Lordship by expressing some gestures of
 Acceptation, faceth about, and proceedeth in his March towards *Ball
 Hall*; but is civilly intercepted by a *Second Scene*, attended by *Two
 Page.nts*, which are *Two Golden Gryphons*, the Supporters to the Arms
 of the worshipfull Company of *Grocers*, on whose backs are mounted *Two
 European Natives*, pretty Boyes, representing *Jucundity* and *Utility*.

1. *JUCUNDITY*. With flaxen Hairs, on it a Garland of diverse
 colour'd Flowers, mix'd with many colour'd Ribbons; a Robe of Sky-colour
 and Gold, with a Silk Mantle of Peach-blossom and Silver. In one hand he
 beareth a Target *Sable*, charged with three *Violins OR*; string *Argent*: In
 his Right hand the Royal Banner.

2. *UTILITY*. With a brown long, curl'd hair, trimmed with Ribbons
 on it a Wreath of *Laurel* tip'd with Gold; a Robe of *Scarlet* colour'd Samite
 a Purple and Gold Mantle: His left hand holding a Bridle, which is a Ribon
 of the Companies Colours mix'd with Silver: In his Right hand the Com-
 panies Banner.

On these two Stages are Eight figures, viz. one at each Corner, call'd *War, Prudence, Fate, Fame, Fertility, Integrity, Agility, and Alacrity*, properly attired.

Between these two Stages, in Rank, appeareth another delightful and magnificent Fabrick, according to the *Compos'd Order*, which participateth of all the four other Orders of *Architecture*; and is a piece worthy of an Art-man's Examination, call'd,

The Academy of Sciences.

On which are placed several learned Philosophers and prudent Women, call'd as followeth; In several Capacities sit both, *Aristotle*, a *Peripatetic*; *Plato*, an *Academic*; *Socrates*, an *Ethic*; and *Diogenes* (in *Dolio*) a *Cynick*; who representing *Severity*, is the Speaker. Here is also a Learned woman call'd *Diotima*, so famous in Philosophy, that *Plato* and *Socrates* came to hear her Lectures. All properly habited according to Time, Country and Function. And on the other ascending seats in circular order sit, The Four Elements. *Fire, Air, Earth and Water*, and the Four Complexions, viz. *Sanguine, Choleric, Phlegmatic and Melancholy*; personated by Eight Virgin Ladies: Drest in their proper habits.

Diogenes cometh out of his Tub, and with a Morose Visage and rugged Deportment, makes application to his Lordship in this humorous manner.

The Second Speech spoken by *Diogenes*, Representing *Severity*.

Where is your Magistrate? O! Is this Hee?

You have done well to fix him before mee.

I have something to say to him, which may
Prove better than the Glories of his Day.

My Name's *Diogenes*; I am not sent

To gratulate you with a Complement,

But boldly mind you of your Government.

You are Sworn to it, and nothing worse can be

To Corrupt Magistrates than Perjury;

There is a See-existent Power that will

For all your Deeds make you Accomprable.

Live Honestly your self, the Devil will laugh,

To see men punish what they are guilty of;

Loyal to your Prince, Rebellion's Name,

The Witchcraft, will destroy both Soul and Fame.

In order to it, Let your Argus Eyes

Search and find out Privy Conspiracies,

Seditious.

Seditious Cabals, where Spirits Consent
 To under mine all Peaceful Government ;
 The Law doth call them Conjurations , which
 Must needs imply a Plotter is a Witch :
 They are mortiferous, and in th eir breath,
 Bring Battail, Murderer, Theft and sudden Death.
 Suppress Pamphlet-Contentions , for they are
 The Serpentry Seeds of Civil War ;
 Though some are dress'd up with Ingenious Sences,
 The more the Wit, the worse the Consequence.

Be just, and let not Lucre, Fear nor favour,
 Tempt, Awe, or by persuasions make you waver.

Let not Report or Hearsay be your Guide,
 By your own Senses let all things be try'd, }
 Examine every thing on every side:
 Let not a Statly Murderer go free,
 Whom if you save you are as bad as Hee.
 'Tis very wholesome Doctrine what I teach,
 Punish all Harlots that are in your reach,
 They Corrupt Prentizes, and bring Disasters
 Upon themselves, Souls, Parents, and their Masters.
 Tho they'r call'd Misses, which fond men adore,
 I can not gild their Crime, a Whore's a Whore ;
 Tho ne'r so brave, and comm'and'd by bad Times,
 Their Grandeur doth not mitigate their Crimes.
 I must declare my mind, please or displease,
 Truth and Plain Dealing fits Diogenes.
 Your Lordship knows, tho I give many a Rub,
 Truth is the same, altho taught in a Tub :
 I have dwelt in a Tub, in Dayes of Tore,
 But ne're taught in a Currant-Butt before.
 The Grocers lent it mee, and I'm as well.
 Pleas'd as if planted in a Citadell

What I have said you know, doubtless you'l do,
 I only put in my opinion too :
 Disdain we not, tho y' are a great Commander,
 I have e're now, admonish'd Alexander.

The Speech thus ended, we suppose his Lordship was more pleas'd with his Morality than his Morosity, with his Reason more than his Rigour, and the Composition of his Speech rather than the manner of his Speaking.

and considering it was the right humour of a Cynick, bids adieu to *Diogenes*, who Re-enters the Tub Tenement, whilst his Lordship continueth his Motion through the Multitude till he is a Third time obstructed by another pleasant Pageant, which containeth an *Indian Garden* of Spices, where, in a beautiful Bower adjacent to a Rustic Building, Majestically sitteth *Frustrifera* the Lady Governess, with four other Delightful Ladies to attend her, who sit about her, viz. *Fragra*, *Florida*, *Delicia* and *Placentia*, Array'd in Robes Correspondent to their Representations.

1. *Frustrifera* the Governess of the Garden, who personateth *Modernasian*, weareth on his head an *Indian* black curl'd hair, with large Pendants of Pearl, Diamonds, Emeralds, Saphyrs, Topazes and Amethysts in her Ears; a Raven black Face, Hands and Breasts; a Rope of large round Orient Pearl about her Neck, on her head a costly Coronet of Gold and Jewels. A Robe of blissem-colour and Silver, a mantle of grass-green Silk and Gold: In her hand she bears a Shield charged with a Spring Garden in perspective.

2. *Fragra*, in dark brown hair, on it a Garland of Various colour'd Flowers and Fruits, as Oranges, Limons, Pomegranates, &c. a Robe of Carnation and Silver: a Mantle of Sky-colour and Gold: In one hand she beareth a Shield *Argent*, Charged with a Rosary or Nursery of Roses, and in the other a Banner of the Kings.

3. *Florida*, her hair Flaxen trim'd with divers colour'd small Ribon, a Chaplet of *Indian* Fruits; a flowry Robe of sundry Colours, a Mantle of Florid Silk interwaved with Silver, and Gold. Hose of Bloom-colour'd Silk: Under her left Arm a Cornucopia, and in her Right hand a Banner of my Lord Mayors.

4. *Delicia*, her hair bright yellow, curl'd and adorned with variety of Ribon: a Coronet of *Cupids*, Silver, wing'd and arm'd with Gold, Robe of Dove-colour'd silks and silver, a Mantle of pink colour'd sarsnet fringed with Gold: In one hand she bears on a Shield *Azure*, all kind of Musical Instruments *OR* and *Argent*, In the other a Banner of the Companies.

5. *Placentia*, with long black curl'd hair, ty'd with silver, gold, sky-colour and Scarlet Ribon. On it a Coronet of divers colour'd Feathers: a Robe of Orange-colour and silver, a mantle of pale Purple and Gold: In one hand a Shield *OR*. Charged with a Society of *Indian* Dancers in several Antic Postures and forms of Movement. These last 4 are Europeans.

Frustrifera, the Governess of the *Indian* Garden of Spiterie, and principal Prefensor standeth up, and with Curteous Demeanour Addresseth to his Lordship in his own Language.

The Third Speech spoken by Fructifera the Governesse

THe great Creator, in whose Power doth lurk
 All Wisdom, having wrought and view'd his Works,
 Saw it was Good, and to the numerous fry
 Of all created Beings did Apply
 The Blessing of Encrease and Multiply,
 Which produc'd Plenty, who by Poetic Law
 I personate, my Name Fructifera,
 The Plenty-Governess of India.
 These Muses, whose Names you soon will understand,
 Are Fraga, Florida, Delicia and
 Placentia, Virgins under my Command.

From India to London new their Trade is,
 To please my Lord Mayor and delight the Ladies,
 You make your Feasts on what we have been Planting,
 Then is it fit that Plenty should be wanting
 In such a place as this? I have heard by some,
 London's the Dining-Room of Christendom;
 That the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs do command
 The Choicest Rarities of every Land
 In Feasts; Indeed 'tis pity that wise States
 Should make Hide-bound Curmudgeons Magistrates.

My Lord! to let your Honour understand
 That I'm Plenty, I have in my hand
 Brought you a Fountain from our Indian Land:
 Whose Spring being touch'd will make the Liquor fly,
 No less Dimensions than Fifty foot high,
 And fall down on the Earth again in Show'rs:
 My Fountain is a true Emblem of yours:
 You from the Fountain of your Justice can
 Spring and distribute Right to every man.

Perhaps you think it strange, my Lord, that I
 An Indian Moor, should talk of Piety,
 Of the Creation and the Deity.
 I have been Baptiz'd in the Christian Faith,
 And do believe in all the Scripture saith!
 I am a Moor, yet a good Christian too,
 With Reverence to your Lordship, so are Yo

The Speech concluded, and my Lord contented; on this Stage are several
 Players, Tumblers, Dancers and Vaulters, all Blacks, Men and Women,
 who are supposed to be brought over by the Governess, to celebrate the
 Day, and to delight his Lordship with their ridiculous Rusticity, and Mim-
 ical Motion: One of which Crew having a Song composed for the purpose,
 being endued with a Melodious Voice, doth in a proper posture extend
 his Jawes, and chanteth out this Madrigal to a pleasant Tune.

The Song.

WE are Jolly Planters that live in the East,
 And furnish the World with Delights when they Feast;
 For by our Endeavours this Country presumes
 To sit them with Physic, Food, Gold and Perfumes:

Our Trading is whirl'd
 All over the World,
 In vast Voyages, on the Ocean so curl'd;
 France, Spain, Holland, England, have sent men to know
 Where Jewels are found, and how Spices do grow;
 Where Voyagers with a small Stock have been made,
 By the wealthy returns of an *East-India* Trade.

From Torments or Troubles of Body or Mind,
 Your Bonny brisk Planters are free as the Wind,
 We eat well to Labour, and Labour to eat,
 Our planting doth get us both Stomach and Meat;

There's no better Physic
 To vanquish the Phthisic,
 And when we're at Leisure our Voices are Music:
 And now we are come with a brisk-drolling Ditty,
 To honour my Lord; and to humour the City:
 We Sing, Dance, and trip it, as Frolick as Ranters;
 Such are the sweet Lives of your bonny brave Planters,

Our weighty Endeavours have Drams of Delight,
 We live it all day, but we sleep well at night;
 Let us but obtain a kind hour to be merry,
 Our Digging and Delving will ne're make us weary.

And when we do prate
 In Reasons of State,
 What's wanting in Wit will be made up in Weight;

They'l

They'll currently pass, I do simply suppose,
 At them no wileman will take Pepper i'th' Nose,
 No Vaunters, or Flawnters, or Canters, or Ranters,
 Do lead such a Life as the bonny brave Planters.

Of Cinamon, Nutmegs, of Mace, and of Cloves,
 We have so much plenty they grow in whole Groves,
 Which yeild such a savour when Sol's Beams do blefs'em,
 That 'tis a sweet kind of Contentment to dress'em.

Our Sugars and Gums,
 Our Spices and Plums,
 Are better than Battels of Bullets and Drums.
 From War and Battalia's we have such Release,
 We lie down in Quiet and rise up in Peace,
 We Sing it, and dance it, we Jig it and skip it,
 Whilst our Indian Lasses do gingery Trip it.

Our gracious good *Governess* hath brought us over
 To *England*, and *London*, that we may discover,
 The generous Triumphs, that this Year doth wait
 To honour the Day of their wise Magistrate;

A Merchant of Fame,

Let's love him for shame,

For *Moor* is our Nature, and *Moor* is his Name;
 They feast him with Dainties, in peace let him Reign;
 The *More* is his Honour, the *More* is our Gain,
 God prosper the KING, and Enthrone him with Bliss,
 And blefs the Lord Mayor, who his Lieutenant is.
 No Ranters or Vaunters, or Chanters, or Flaunters,
 Doth lead such a Life as the Bonny Boon Planters.

The Song being sung, they all sell to their Drolleries, and the Foot-Men
 shal having placed the Assistants, Livery, and the Companies, on both sides
 of King-street, and their Pensioners with their Targets hung on the tops of
 their Javelings, in the Reer of them; the Ensign-Bearers, Drums and Pipes
 in the front, hastens the Foyns and Budg-Bachelors, together with the
 Gentlemen-Ushers to *Guild-Hall*, where his Lordship is again Saluted by the
 Artillery-men with three Vollies more, which conclude their Duty. His
 Land Attendants pass through the Gallerly or Lane so made into *Guild-Hall*,
 After which the Companies to their respective Halls to Dinner, and their
 Silkworks and Triumphs are likewise conveyed in to *Blackwell-Hall*, and
 the Officers aforesaid, and the Children that sit in the Pageants, refresh
 them.

themselves, until his Lordship hath dined at *Guild-Hall*, where (to make the Feast more famous) his Lordship is magnified with the sacred Presence of the King and Queen, Prince, Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*, and all the other Bishops (at this time in *London*,) all the Resident Embassadors and Envoys, all the Lords of the Privy-Council, all the Principal Officers of State, all the Judges and Serjeants at Law, with their Ladies. His Majesty Dined at a Table raised upon the *Hustings*, at the East end of the Hall. The Foreign Embassadors, the Lords of the Council, and others of the Peerage and Nobility, at the two next Tables raised on each side of the Hall. The rest of the Hall was ordered as is usual in such a Solemnity, the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen Dining at a Table raised at the West end of the Hall, and the Citizens of the Liveries at several Tables, which filled the whole body of the Hall.

His Lordship beginning the several Healths of his Majesty and the Royal Family, the Hall was filled with Shouts and Acclamations at the naming of each Health.

After Dinner His Majesty was entertained with a Royal Banquet, glorious to the Eye, and delicious to the Palate, served in with excellent conformity.

The whole Service was managed with as good order and decency, as the Circumstances could possibly admit, nothing being omitted by the City that might express their Duty to their Majesties, and the humble Sense they had particularly of this gracious Condescension.

A. SONG at the Lord Mayor's Table.

I.

JOY in the Gates,
And Peace to the States.
Of this City, which so debonair is:
Let the Kings Health go round,
And his Consorts be Crown'd,
With my Lord and Lady Mayress.

II.

Peace is never a Pate
That hath Plots against Stat^e,
All are pure, and Ingeniously Loyal:
For it never can be
That he, or thee, or me,
Can be righteous, that is not Royal.

III.

Divisions are base,
And of *Lucifer's* race;
Civil Wars from the bottom of Hell come.

Before you doth stand
the Plenty of the Land,
And my Lord Mayor doth bid ye Welcom.

CHORUS.

Let Buff-Coat and Feather
Go Drumming together;
We fear not the force of Invasion;
The Voice and the Lute
Make a sweeter dispute,
Love is the best Art of Perswasion.

Then Feast and be fat,
Both in flesh and Estate;
Be frolic with tempered pleasure:
The Land doth exhibit,
The World doth Contribute,
To line all the City with Treasure.

Then

Then let us not want,
 What ever come on't ;
 Jehovah on purpose did send it :
 For every man's Wealth
 Is a kind of a wealth,
 If he do not Judiciously spend it.

Our Money, like muck,
 fthrown on a rock,
 The fertil propriety ceases:
 Whil't it lyes in a heap,
 No Harvest we reap.
 But if spread abroad it increases.

Then fill t' other Load,
 And call it abroad,

For the good of Men, Children and Wo-
 men;
 Else ye don't (I'll be tru' ye)
 Perform all your Duty ;
 True Citizens should be Freemen.

CHORUS.

My Lord with his Power
 Makes the City secure,
 As a Tow'r-wall with valiant men out.
 Then let us with Joy,
 sing *Five Is Roy*,
 And drink to the Kings Lieutenant.

May this Years Mayoralty so happy prove,
 That ye may wallow in each others Love ;
 And every Subject his Endeavours bring
 To th' Fear of God, and Honour of the King.
 May Trade increase with Piety and Pity,
 (For Traffick is the Sinews of the City.)
 That Fort shall hold out in despite of all w ather,
 Where Courage and Conscience are coupl'd together.

CHORUS.

This Land and this Town have no cause to despair,
 No Nation can tell us how happy we are ;
 When each Person's fixt in his Judicial Chair,
 At *White-hall* the King, and at *Guild-hall* the Mayor.
 Then let all Joy and Honour preserve, with renown,
 The City, the Country, the Court and the Crown.

Dinner being ended, and Night drawing on, Their Majesties returned to *White-hall*,
 extremely pleased at the great respects with which the City received the Honour of
 Their Presence, which was accompanied with universal Joy and Acclamations of the
 People, who had on this occasion thronged all streets where Their Majesties pass, in most
 incredible numbers.

His Lordship, being attended by a Retinue of his own Company, took Coach, and
 was conducted to *Grocers-hall*.

Thus, to their Honours, the Company of *Grocers* have with indefatigable Industry and
 Affection, five times been at the Charge of such Triumphs, since the happy Restauration
 of his Majesty.

To close up all, the Artifts and Artificers employed in this Days Triumph, (each
 of them deserving ample commendations) bid ye Farewel.

FINIS.

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